CUPID'S

Soliciter of LOVE.

With Sundry Complements.

Wherein is shown the deceitfulness of Loving & Lovers, now a days commonly used. With certain verses and sonnets, upon several subjects that is Written in this BOOK.

By *RICHARD CRIMSAL.*

Printed by *I. M.* for W. T and are to be sold by J. Back, at the of the Bl Boy on London idge.

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1. A Young Gentleman to a Bea young Gentlewoman.
2. The Gentlewomans Anſwer to him aga.
3. The Gentlemans ſong in diſdain of his Mi-
4. *A* young *Citizen* to a City damoſel. (ſtris.
5. The City Damoſels anſwer to him again.
6. The gentleman being ſick, ſent a leter *to her*
7. *A letter is* deliver'd to her, ſhe haſteth *to him*
8. *A*nother meſſenger brings news her lover is
9. Her ſorrow declared for his death. (dead.
10. The Epitaph ſhe writ on his Grave.
11. A young mans ſubtilty to win a Maid.
12. Her anſwer to her beſt beloved.
13. her Sonnet in praiſe of her Lover.
14. A young-man to an old Woman.
15. The widows anſwer to the young-man.
16. *A* Song upon the wooing of a Widow.
17. The complaint of a *young man*, ſhewing her
18. Maids anſwer to him again. (inconſtancy.
19. *A* Sonnet made by a young-man, ſhewing her inconſtancy.
20. *A* young mans kind requeſt of his dear love
21. The Maids kind Reply to her Love.
22. The Mans anſwer to his Love again.
23. *A* Shepherds wooing of a Country Laſs.
24. The Maids anſwer to the Shepherd.
25. The ſhepherd plays and ſings her a Song.
26. A Sailor to his love, being come from the
27. His Loves anſwer to him. (Indies.
28. A Saylors Song for joy, for regaining his Love.

Cupid's

A Young Gentleman to a beautious fair Young Gentlewoman.

MOst beautious fairest of fair, Courteous and kind loving Gentlewoman; my humble Service I tender to your compleat Person, wishing you continual happiness with true joy and felicity: what more wanteth in expression of words, my heart multiplyeth in good thoughts towards you. Now sweet Mistris, let me, O let me intreat your patience to lend your attentive ear unto the hearing of some news as a Petition to your own Person. I am lately wounded with a shaft from Gou Cupids Bow, O he hath pierced my heart very sore, my wounds bleed inward, and unless you be an antidote to cure me, I am but a dead man: the very ayr of your breath may cure me if you please, and if you say the word it is done: and I hope you will become a kind and comfortable Physitian to me in my extreamity: Alas! the Dart sticks fast still, and pricks me very sore, and makes me press near unto you: you may pacifie my grief if you please. I am sick of that Disease that King Priams Son Paris was, when he beheld the face of fair Helena: not that I would steal away that which is another mans right; far be it from my heart so

to do. O no, 'tis to enjoy and inherit that which Cupid gives me counsel may be my own: but alas, why did I say my own? when as yet I have no possession: nor is given me by that censure, which I do long to hear from the Judge of my cause, and that is your own self. Sweet, courteous, and kind Mistris, I cannot use my tongue with eloquence, but for evidence of the true love I bear to you, it shall be exprest with motions of modesty, and actions of honesty: for to be plain and brief, you are the only she that can cure or kill, you are she that mine eyes gaze at, that my thoughts feed on, that my sences dream on: nay all my whole affections are settled on you only: I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep, but in your Company. Though it may be I am a hundred miles distance from you, yet I have the true portracture of those red cheeks, those coral lips, those bright Lamps of light and that pritty compleat dimpled Chin, drawn out by a curious Cunning Limner, who hath used such art in his Workmanship, that I can do nothing but dote upon it: Like unto Apelles which brought Art so near Nature, that he quite forgot the Work of nature and learned only on the frame of Art. But O my sweet Mistris, pardon my forgetfulness, I began to desire your favour, to entertain my Love, which favour if I attain, I shall think my self most happy. I much long

to

to hear of that kind answer from that pleasing tongue of thine, my joy, my hearts delight. If thou countenance me with favour, then shall I ever hereafter expect true joy in heart, and peace in mind, and a full measure of love to my lives end. But oh, if your respective smiles, turn to unrespected frowns, and your answer, which I hope will be kind and loving speeches, should turn to bitter words. O then you will even cast me into the deep abiss of Hell. Oh most courteous Mistris, let not that heart of yours harbour so much hardness in it, as to make your tongue to deny my request: it is but love I ask of you, it shall not be given neither, for I will repay it ten-fold double: trust me my dear love I will, and this I'le promise truly, that thou shalt be made sole Governess and Commandress of all thou canst desire: my heart and hand thou shalt command to the utmost Service that lies in me to do. O pitty my youth, and do not kill my heart with grief, seeing it lies in thee to give it life. By these speeches, and some other signs of Love which you may see appears in me, and you understand, that my happiness rests only in you. So I rest yours to command, whilst death makes separation, expecting your kind answer.

The Beauteous Fair Gentlewomans Answer to the Young Gentleman.

MOst worthy and well-deserving Gentleman, I have had the hearing, and in part the perusal of your mind; which I find is a little intangled in Love, it is not or snare which catcheth many fools, and I my self hereafter may make one of the same number; but as yet I am free and at Liberty: And being free, I will seek to restrain the subtile Baits which are laid to trap poor silly Maids withal, and what are those baits? I will explain them; They are subtile Temptations and delusions which young men use by fair speeches and long process: and indeed Sir, I must be brief with you, and tell you plainly you have in this place and in my presence, laid the same baits to intangle me, but trust me, sure as yet, I will not be caught this first time. Indeed, besides I am young and tender of age, slender in judgement, my knowledge is not sufficient to know an honest man from a Knave. And Sir, I dare not enter into any state of Marriage, without discretion: and furthermore, I am under the government of my parents, whom I dare not nor will offend: As they have performed their duty with care and cost in bringing me to this age, so I must in like manner perform my duty in obedience to them, as fits a child to do: I must not cast the Reins of the Bride on the Horses [illegible] where he pleaseth: such

as do so, are to ride out of their way: nay, that is not all, for many times daily experience tells us, they catch a dangerous fall: kind Gentleman, you said my words could cure or kill, your judgement fails in my opinion; certainly he's but a faint Souldier that cannot stand above one blow: and he's much fainter that dare not stand one blow: this I leave to your consideration. Kind Gentleman, I pray do not fall sick of conceit; the Proverb is, Conceit without receit, is nothing but plain deceit. My Mother calls, I must needs be gone, for which I am heartily sorry: for I am fully perswaded, had I time, I could cure your melancholly, and put you into a fine fit of madness: but truly Gentleman, I must needs bid you adieu.

The Gentlemans Song in disdain of his mistris.

The Tune is, *Come my sweet and bonny one.*

SHall I despair or dye with care,
for her that will not love,
Hang him that will, i'le use my skill,
some other i'le go prove: (kind
And if I can find one that will to me prove
That her alway, I shall obey, and that she true
Methinks I hear some people swear (shall find
the Female Sex will change,
Then why should *I*, despairing dye,
for such as love to range? (take care
I'le seek to find content in mind, & *never more*
I'le not complain, 'tis all in vain
women are fond, though fair

MOst vertuous Mistris, and bright blazing Star: whose beauty the beholders admire, thou art the Mirror of our age, or at least a precious paragon of pleasure: though I have made something bold in pressing into your presence, yet I hope you will not be offended thereat: I dare presume if you did favour me but as much as I do affect you, that you would bid me welcome, and that heartily too, Fair Mistris, I am one that have trossed the Salt Ocean, and have dealt in many rich Merchandizes, and divers rich Drugs and dear Commodities, and precious rich jewels: but such a rich jewel as your self, I have not hitherto beheld with mine eyes. O that I might be so happy a man to enjoy that admirable beauty of yours. May Gold buy it? I will not go without it: might sword win it? I will lay my life at stake to play for it: might travel fetch it: I would travel all the world over for it: or if a Ships Lading of Pearls might obtain me this precious Jem; all Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, should not be long unsearched. Alas, why do I speak of the farthest parts of the world, when it is here in presence, place fitting, and opportunities free; There is no danger but denyal and that danger makes me dread the loss of my Love, my life and all other joys here on Earth. My heart burns with flames unquenchable: unless you quench the fire I dye in despair. O spea

sweet Mistris, say, can you vouchsafe to release me out of bondage, and let me walk at liberty? kind courteous Mistris pitty me, I am Cupids Prisoner: yet you have Authority to release me if you please. The debt that I owe is Love & that I'le pay to you in abundant manner too, and when I have paid you all that you demand, yet I will remain your debtor ten thousand fold more: Speak Mistris, speak, and withal speak kindly, let me not languish in misery. O say love and let me live, if you answer otherwise, the death stands ready to strike me dead.

The City Damosels Answer to her LOVE.

SWeet Sir, you are a very proper young-man, and compleat in all parts; the worst fault that I can find in you is this, that you have a very faint heart, or else it is a very false heart, which I shall plainly make appear; in the first place, that you shall dye for denial of my Love, that were a thing impossible: and on the contrary, if it be not so, it must appear it is very false in that you can say so much, counterfeit & dissemble: but I will not blame you for it, but against the next morning, or the next maid you speak to, I advise you to be better furnished, or else you will be trapt in your speech: In the mean space if I want one to set forth my praise I'le send for you; so I wish you may speed well, when you speak better, till then farewell.

Cupid's Soliciter

The Young Gentleman being fallen sick, sends a Letter to his Love.

My humble duty and service to my disloyal Mistris: this however to remember my love unto you, hoping for your content all happiness and health, wishing you all joy and prosperity: and as you find the hand of my Writing, so I desire your well-wishing towards me at my departure: and though you would not go to Church with me as a Bride, yet I desire you to accompany me as a Mourner to my Grave: you may now truly find and know my heart was not false, but true and constant, firm and sure: to make it more apparent, if you come unto me before I have breathed my last I will seal it to you by giving you all, or most of all that I have. Thus I rest in haste, your unexpected and dejected Lover, for whom the Bell touls.

The Letter is delivered to her, and she hasteth to her Love.

How! a Letter from that young Gentleman and he like to dye, 'tis impossible: the messenger may learn of his master to flater and dissemble a little. But stay let me see what is within said; he says disloyal Mistris, this I confess is true enough, but he remembers his love to me, and prays for me too, 'tis well done: and I must wish him well at his departure: but whither is he going? I marvel, O stay, what

is

is here? Accompany him as a Mourner to his Grave: this makes me startle. O terror! O false bewitching beauty, why did nature bestow it upon me? the Bell touls, come let me to horse with all speed. O that I could flie in the ayr as swift as the Swallows, but yet I will be with my Love speedily, if any hast or help of mine may preserve his life, he shall secure I will not fail him. So courteous kind Messenger, there is thy reward, make haste to thy Master, my love is dear to him, and so he shall find: Now I will haste to him to relate my mind in secret to himself. O that I could send a Messenger to death to stay that cruel stroak until such time as we have finished our youthful time of joy and pleasure. But no more delay, I am gone. Now sweet Love I come, I come with speed. My heart misgives me, who comes here? he makes haste, his horse sweats very much: ill news I fear me.

Another Messenger bring News her love is Dead.

FAir Mistris, my haste hath been much, to tell you that your delay hath been too long: alas, you are going but your journey is in vain: death hath stopt the passage of my loyal Masters coming to you; it may serve to stay your journey to him, he is dead, your unkindness to him hath caused his death: had you been kind and loving, then had my Master still had breath: his

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lofs of life makes me bold to tell you, that you are too blame. Yet withal I may pacifie you; again, he hath made you Heir of all his Land and Living. Mistris I know this thing hath a sweet sound with it, and as I did wound you yet this plaister will cure all again.

The Maidens sorrow declared.

O Sad and heavy news, hast thou declared to me, dolor and woe hath possessed my heart: I am tormented in my mind, and know not what to say or do. I am oppressed with grief & calamity: why was I born to be the death of so true loving and a kind young-man? O why did nature work her art so far in me, as to bestow that perfection of workmanship in so fair a piece of clay: she hath adorned me with a fair outside, but within she hath placed a stony heart, that was not ended with pitty till it was too late. Now I plainly perceive my own folly, and find out my error: alas my love, thou wast kind and loyal in thy love, but I was false and unconstant to thee. O would I could now call thee back again from death, or that death would be so much my friend to call me into his company. But alas, my wishes are vain: I will betake my self to my closet and weep for my true lovers death and bury my tears in his Grave: I will attend his Hearse as a sad Mourner, and write an Epitaph whereby the World may know hereafter that I heartily grieved for his death.

The

The Epitaph she writ upon his Grave.

HEre lieth he, which dy'd for me,
my fault I must confess;
My self was she, prov'd false to thee,
I cannot say no less:
For which I vow not to dissolve
my love to any other:
Then I'le remain, till death hath tane
me, to the ground my Mother.

A young Mans subtilty to win a young Maid

SWeet Virgin, and Mistris of my thoughts, I have long desired to speak with you, about the matter you wot on: I told you in part my mind at the last meeting we had, and your answer was to me, that you would resolve me at your next meeting, now is the time or never, for I am on flame, or else you will destroy the whole substance of my heart: I need not declare my substance, nor tell you of the worthy acts I have atchieved, these things are very well known unto you: if my deserts do not deserve to merit Love, then in brief tell me so: and on the contrary, if you find that I deserve your Love, then answer lovingly: say that I shall be the man, and none but I, and speak, or for ever hereafter be silent.

The Maids answer to her best beloved.

MY Love, to your demand I answer thus: Were I the Paragon of the World, yet would I be thy Paramour: had I the wealth

of

of Cræsus, yet my self and it would be at thy command, my affections are setled only on thee, and I long to see the day wherein we may be knit together in Hymens bands, my heart, my hand, and what else thou canst demand, or command from me, resteth at thy disposing: in token whereof i'le sing forth thy praise.

The Maids Song in praise of her Love.

The Tune is, I fancy none but thee.

WEre my Love a silly Shepherd,
I would be his Shepherdess,
Or were he but a poor Neat-herd,
I would love him near the less;
But he is one that is well known,
to be a man in e'ry part,
And he alone shall be my own,
for I love him with all m yheart.
He is proper, tall, and slender,
nature us'd her Art in him,
I will still be his defender,
he's to me a precious jem;
Him will I love while *I* do live,
him will I honour and obey,
My hand, my heart, to him I'le part,
he is my love, my life, my joy.

A young man to an old Widow.

WIdow, I come to bring you tydings, of joy, cease to weep for the dead, your tears are spent in vain, 'tis but meer folly and madness, think on the living: suppose you see another

another husband before your eyes, and one that may give you comfort in your old age: say the man be like my self, cannot you find in your heart to love him? say widow, can you not? you see I am young & lusty, and in the prime of my youth: doubt not but I will prove loving & kind to you during the term of life: I am none of those that come to you with complements, but I speak in plain terms: tell me truly from your heart, had not you better content in bed when you lay with your husband, then you have now you lye alone? I know if you speak true you cannot say the contrary: a man is a comfort to a woman and a woman the like to a man being joyned together in hymens bands: Now tell me widow, have I spoke the truth or no? you know by experience, I speak by the way of supposition: But if you find I speak truth, then trust me, and try me in the state of Marriage: wherein you shall find I will prove a loving husband to you, during such time as either of us shall draw breath. Answer me speedily, and let us dispatch the matter suddenly, so we may both enter into joy presently.

The Widows Answer to the young Man.

TRuly you have touched me to the quick: I cannot say, but I had more pleasures in one nights lodging with my husband, then I have had ever since he dyed, which is the space of a whole month, and truly I will take your coun-

sel:

sel: for I will not be alone another month for no good. Wherefore I do accept of you for my Husband, and a comfort to me: and with speed let us perform the match, and seal the Bands in presence of the Congregation.

A Song upon the wooing of a Widow.

To the Tune of, I am in *Love.*

HE that will wooe a widow must not dally
he must *make hay while* the sun doth shine
He must not with her stand shall *I*, shall I,
but boldly say widow thou must be mine:
Maids are unconstant, Widows are unkind,
The best of all is fickle as the wind,
'Tis vain to wooe a Widow over-long,
in once or twice her mind you *may perceive.*
Widows are subtile be they old or young,
& by their wiles young men they *will deceive*
Strike home at first, and then she will be kind
else you shall find them fickle as the wind.
Maids they are cross the Proverb so doth tell
young-men must flatter them all the while,
But Widows they love a bold Spirit well,
and if you please her then on you she'l smile
If you can give content unto her mind,
She'l love you well, else her you'l fickle find.

The Complement of a young man to his Love, of her unconstancy.

O My darling, my dove, my buck, my dear, when I have so long respected, shall I now be disdained? what for ever? can that heart of thine

thine harbour cruelty in it always: O, that Tongue of thine, can it turn eloquently upon deceit, and nothing but deceit; how oftentimes have we kissed each other, and toyed with wanton Dalliance, when thou hast protested and sworn that none but my self should enjoy thy person: the two bright blazing Stars of thine hath caused me to gaze at them, thy Coral lips were to me as Load-stones to draw kisses from me. All which thou protestest was according to thine own hearts desire, and art thou now all changed again; for shame let not the tongue of Man report it, 'twill be a disgrace to you and all your Sex. Hereafter turn thy heart to love, and love again. O let me not spend all my love in vain.

The maids Answer to her Love.

ALas poor simple Man, dost thou complain of any unconstancy? no, complain of thy own negligence, thou hast been too slow in thy proceedings: the time was I did love thee well thou shouldest have made good use of thy time, but now time is past away, and cannot be recalled again: if you men complain of women, and say, they are changing, why are you men so slow & do not take opportunity before they do change? now 'tis too late to call after me, for I am not like to the hawk that flies from the fist, and returns back again with the Lure, not so, you are deceived, therefore rest your self contented and

ſtrive no more, for it is all againſt the ſtream and ſo farewel, I leave you to your good fortune & wiſh you may have a good wife, if you can tell how to get her, otherwiſe dye a Batchelor.

A Sonnet made by a young-man, ſhewing the maidens unconſtancy.

The Tune is, *The Blazing Torch.*

MY Love to me doth prove unkind;
and bids me now adieu,
I find ſhe bears a fickle mind,
and leaves me for a new.
Ill hap had I to dote on her,
which will not conſtant prove,
She more doth breed my grief and care,
and will not be my Love.
Had I known this in former time,
be ſure ſhe ſhould not flown,
We were united in our minds.
I counted her mine own;
But now ſhe's gone away from me,
alas ſhe ſues to rove,
I am perplext in miſery,
ſhe will not be my love.
Let all young men a warning take,
uſe time while time doth ſerve,
My Negligence made her forſake
me, as you may obſerve;
I once had time and all things fit,
that I in fancy ſtrove,
That time again I cannot get,
for I have loſt my love,

A Young-mans kind Requeſt of his Dearly Beloved.

HAppy be the time of our meeting, my joy, my ſweet and deareſt Love: I was much grieved in my mind at thy too long abſence, your friends murmur at me, and I know it is not unknown to them that I ſpeak the truth: but what care I for the frowns of the whole world, ſo I may but attain thy love and good-will: if thou ſmile on me, I will boldly out-face any. I fear not to challenge grim Hercules, were he living, in the defences of her whom I ſo dearly Love, But alas, our time is ſhort, we cannot diſcourſe, time will not permit us leaſure, nor is our place fitting: wherefore my Love anſwer ſpeedily thy mind, I will remain thine till death us depart.

The maids kind reply to her Dear.

MY Love, though all my friends frown and the World envy our happineſs, yet I will love thee whilſt life doth laſt: Provide with ſpeed, that we two may be joyned and made as one; till then, I reſt your loyal and loving partaker of all ſorrow, grief, and care, and after I will joyn with thee in happineſs, joy unto mirth, wherein he will both take an equal ſhare, doubt not, I will not fail thee.

Here's my hand, come give me thine,
So hand in heart we both will joyn.

The Man to his Love again.

MY love, my life, my joy, my wife,
so thee I well may term;
My hand thou haſt, my heart is plac'd,
with thee ſo for to joyn:
My Turtle-Dove, my deareſt Love,
my joys *I* cannot expreſs,
The thoughts of thee, hath blinded me
as needs I muſt confeſs,
Had'ſt thou deny'd to be my Bride,
my ſorrows had begun,
And more beſide, I ſure had dy'd,
my Glaſs had ſure been run:
Thus we will part, my own ſweet-heart,
till the approaching day,
Then we'l make known to joyn in one,
till death take life away.

The Shepherds wooing of a Country Laſs.

MY deareſt and well-beloved, you are well met here in the Downs, where you may ſee my flock feeding, and my young Lambs skiping for joy that you are come hither to accompany me, which before I ſaw you, I was beſet with ſorrow and ſadneſs, now I am as much poſſeſt with joy and gladneſs: I will now tune my pipes, and play you ſundry Tunes to make you mirth: I will play you loves delight which if you will dance over with me, I know you will have hearts content in doing the ſame. Say ſweet-heart, wilt thou conſent to yield and love me? thou ſayſt my love is pleaſant and

dain-

dainty; if thou wilt consent, thou shalt be sure to have Wool enough to keep thee warm, and look what thou canst desire, thou shalt have to give thy mind satisfaction: say, Sweet-heart, canst thou love me or no?

The Maids answer to the Shepherd.

KInd Shepherd, I like well of thy motion. I pray thee let me hear thy pipes play, and if I like thy Musick, I will tell thee more of my mind, till then I will be silent.

The Shepherd plays and sings her a song.

The Tune is, *Within the North-Country.*

BRave *Tamberlain* he was
a Shepherd on the Plains,
And to his Love he gaind a Lass,
which pleas'd him for his pains:
And many Shepherds more, had sped almost (as well;
I cannot reckon them all o're,
nor name where they do dwell.
But I my self am here,
If thou deny me then,
I fear it my death will prove,
and sue to thee for love,
Wherefore to me be kind,
and save a Shepherds life,
And thou shalt find, I am inclin'd,
for to make thee my Wife.
Well Shepherd say no more,
I grant to thy request,
As thou bidst me speak before,
I vow I love thee best.

The

The Saylor to his Love, he being newly come from the *Indies*.

NOw my joy, what say'st thou? I see you are not yet Wedded to any one since my departure, and I hope you have not vow'd chastity: since last I saw you, I have crossed the curled waves of Neptune, have ventured my life in many cruel storms, to see and to search the Indies, to bring home some Gold and Pearl for my Girl: canst thou find in thy heart to love or no? tell me sweet-heart canst thou?

His Loves answer to him.

ALas sweet-heart, I have had no joy never since your departure: I thought long until I heard of your return home again, and doubtful I was, that the surly waves of Neptune would have drowned thee, but now I see thy person on shore, I am right joyful, and if thou wilt be ruled by me, thou shalt endanger thy self no more on the dangerous Seas; thou mayst now stay at home and solace thy self with the delights of Love: thou shalt be my Master and I will be the Pilot, thou shalt be still a Saylor, and I will be a Ship for thee to sail in: in plain thou shalt be my love, my life, and I for ever will be to thee a loving Wife.

The Saylors Song of joy for gaining his LOVE.

The Tune of *Come my sweet and bonny one.*

AFter this cruel storm at Sea,
I find a calmed shore,

She

She now begins for to love me,
who hated me before:
This is a change, and very ſtrange,
it ſeemeth unto me,
Yea happy wind, that blows ſo kind,
my Ship ſails fair and free.
My love was wont for to be coy,
and me ſhe did diſdain,
Now ſhe calls me her onely joy,
this is a pleaſing ſtrain:
Cupid hath ſtruck a lucky ſtroke,
ſhe now is bent to love,
Which pleaſeth me, moſt wondrouſly,
that ſhe ſo kind ſhould prove.
Perhaps 'tis becauſe I have brought means,
from off the Ocean main,
By all ſuppoſe it truly ſeem,
I did not Sail in vain:
Now I have won my pretty one,
and wealth enough beſide,
Had I not gone, 'thad not been done,
nor had ſhe been my Bride.
Now unto Church in haſte we'l go,
and wedded we will be,
Now pleaſures tides begins to flow
between my Love and me.
We'l make no ſtay, but poſt away,
and end what is begun,
My heart is thine, and thine is mine,
my fair and pretty one.

The Author to the Buyer of the Book.

OF Love and Lovers here I will explain,
Some false, some firm, and some for love are slain,
Some merrily disposed, plays the way,
And other some of true Love seems to bray:
Some are constant some changing as the weather,
And some again joyn Love and Life together;
Some they are Shepherds, some they are courtly Swains,
And some are such has swimm'd on the plains;
Some they are Saylors which doth cross the seas,
And some there are that lives at home at ease;
In plain they are all Cupids wounded men,
That seek for help to cure themselves again.

FINIS.